

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!



No. 9  
APR.  
MAY

# GANG BUSTERS

A 52 PAGE  
MAGAZINE

TEN CENTS

*In this  
issue:*

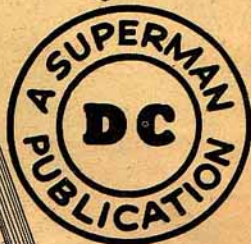
**"LADY  
COP!"**

BASED ON THE SMASH RADIO HIT!

# NOW

MORE THAN  
EVER

~ LOOK  
FOR THIS  
FAMOUS  
SYMBOL!



THERE ARE  
MORE COMICS ON THE NEWS-  
STANDS THAN EVER BEFORE  
- SOME GOOD, SOME BAD,  
SOME AVERAGE...

THAT'S WHY IT'S MORE  
IMPORTANT THAN EVER  
FOR YOU TO LOOK FOR  
THE **SUPERMAN-DC**  
SYMBOL AT THE TOP OF  
**EVERY** COMIC MAGAZINE  
YOU BUY! IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE OF THE **BEST**  
IN COMIC READING!

**TOP VALUE  
IN THE TOP  
MAGAZINES!**

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# "I SMASHED THE DOUBLE INDEMNITY RACKET!"

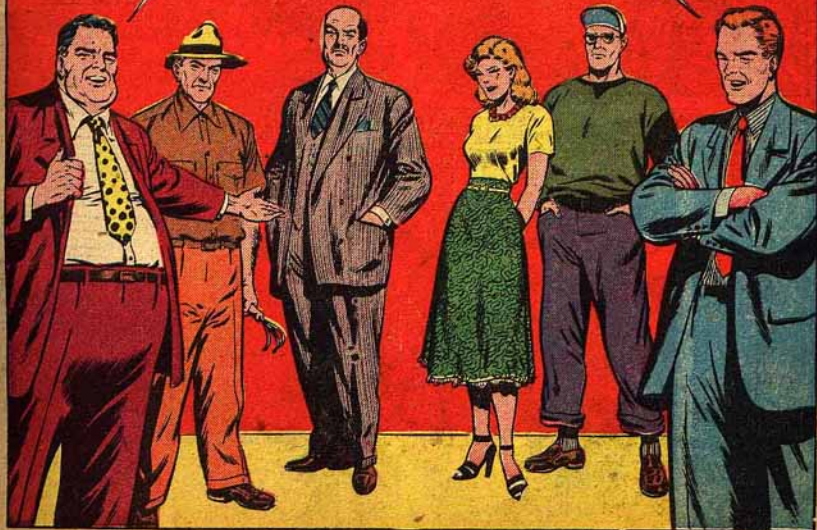


EDITOR'S  
NOTE

YOU REMEMBER THE DOUBLE-O GANG IN ST. LOUIS? IT SPECIALIZED IN "ARRANGED" ACCIDENTS AND COLLECTED DOUBLE INDEMNITY ON THE VICTIM'S LIFE INSURANCE. THE DOUBLE-O WAS GANG-BUSTED, BUT GOOD... SOME DROPPED BY POLICE LEAD, SOME JOLTED INTO ETERNITY BY WAY OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, AND SOME PUT AWAY FOR LONG-PRISON TERMS... THE COPS GOT THE CREDIT, BUT THE REAL HERO WAS SOMEBODY YOU NEVER HEARD OF: JOE QUIGLEY, INSURANCE COMPANY INVESTIGATOR. JOE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE MUCH OF A HERO. HE WAS SLOW AND FAT AND HE WALKED LIKE A DUCK BECAUSE HIS FEET HURT HIM. THEY EVEN CALLED HIM "DUCK-FOOT" IN HIS OFFICE. BUT JOE QUIGLEY IS BOSS-MAN NOW IN THAT SAME OFFICE, AND HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME IS HIS LOW-DOWN ON THE SHOWDOWN FOR THE NOTORIOUS DOUBLE-O GANG OF KILLERS.

HOW MANY OF THESE PEOPLE WOULD YOU SAY ARE GUILTY OF MURDER?

WITH ME THEY'RE ALL GUILTY UNTIL JOE PROVES 'EM INNOCENT!



"I REMEMBER THE CARDS HAD LOST THREE IN A ROW THAT SUMMER WHEN THE CHIEF CALLED ME IN HIS OFFICE -- NOT ABOUT THE CARDS' LOSING STREAK. ABOUT PEOPLE LOSING THEIR LIVES..."



WHAT DO YOU KNOW, JOE?

IT'S HOT AND MY FEET HURT.

NO BALL GAME. MURDER! WE'VE HAD TO PAY OUT DOUBLE INDEMNITY ON FOUR CASES IN ST. LOUIS IN THE LAST MONTH. IT LOOKS FISHY. GET ON IT!



ST. LOUIS IN THE SUMMER... YOU'RE MURDERING ME, CHIEF!

"OUR FIRST CALL WAS AT 3127 MISSOURI BOULEVARD. I LIKED THE WIDOW'S LOOKS. BUT I NEVER LET THAT INFLUENCE ME..."

YOUR HUSBAND WAS A STEEL STRUCTURAL WORKER, MRS. CARLISLE. HE COULD WALK AN I-BEAM 20 STORIES UP-- AND YET HE FELL DOWN THESE FEW STEPS TO HIS DEATH?

IT DOES SEEM STRANGE, DOESN'T IT?



IT'LL GET HOTTER AND YOUR FEET'LL HURT WORSE BEFORE YOU GET BACK FROM ST. LOUIS...

A VACATION TO SEE THE BALL GAME? THANKS, CHIEF...



"THE OFFICE SENT ALONG A YOUNG FIREBALL NAMED RED MURPHY TO WORK WITH ME..."

YES-- THE ROUTINE CHECK-- EACH BY ITSELF. BUT THE BOSS LOOKS AT THE RECORD, SEES FOUR CASES-- SAME PLACE AND AROUND SAME TIME. RESULT-- JOE QUIGLEY HAS TO SWELTER IN ST. LOUIS!

BUT ALL THESE CASES WERE CHECKED BEFORE. JOE.



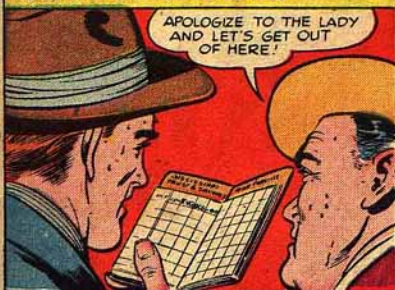
VERY STRANGE. WERE YOU AWARE, MRS. CARLISLE, THAT YOUR HUSBAND'S LIFE INSURANCE POLICY HAD A DOUBLE INDEMNITY CLAUSE-- THAT IT PAID OFF **DOUBLE** IN CASE OF ACCIDENTAL DEATH?

SIR, YOU ARE INSULTING! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW MY HUSBAND HAD A LIFE INSURANCE POLICY!





"RED PICKED UP HER BANKBOOK ON THE MISSISSIPPI TRUST AND SAVINGS. HER \$40,000 INSURANCE MONEY WAS STILL ON DEPOSIT..."

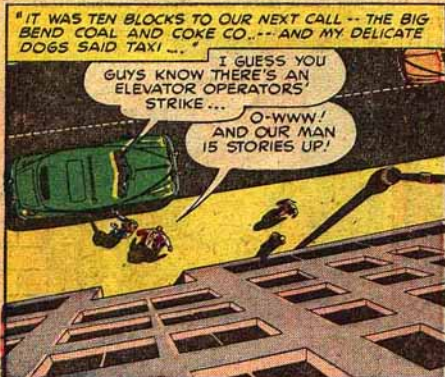


"I RESTED MY DOGS UNDER A STEIN OF ST. LOUIS' ANCIENT SPECIALTY, AND CHECKED MY NOTES FOR OUR NEXT INVESTIGATION..."



"JANS HOFFMAN, NEXT ON OUR LIST, LIVED IN THE FASHIONABLE BRETTON WOODS SECTION..."





"I STOPPED TO REST ON THE 10TH FLOOR-- AND CHEW THE FAT WITH A SYMPATHETIC CHARWOMAN..."





"FOR ONCE I WAS GLAD MY FEET WERE BIG AND HEAVY..."

STAMP-TAG...  
YOU'RE IT,  
CHUM!

**DWW!**



"I WAS THINKING FAST ENOUGH, BUT MY FEET WERE TOO SLOW..."

LIKE SHOOTING  
A BARN DOOR...  
I CAN'T MISS.



"THEN RED SAID SOMETHING THAT CAUSED HONEYWOOD TO LOSE HIS HEAD..."

IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED THAT WAY, BUT I DOUBT IT...

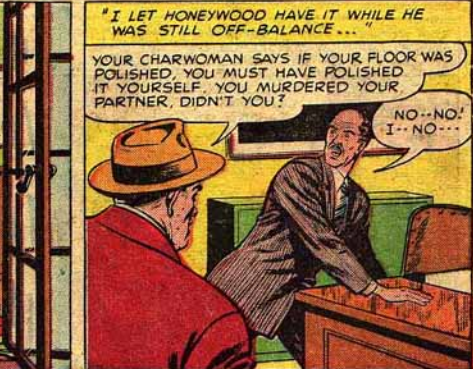
HE'S ON TO ME... MY ONLY CHANCE...



"I LET HONEYWOOD HAVE IT WHILE HE WAS STILL OFF-BALANCE..."

YOUR CHARWOMAN SAYS IF YOUR FLOOR WAS POLISHED, YOU MUST HAVE POLISHED IT YOURSELF. YOU MURDERED YOUR PARTNER, DIDN'T YOU?

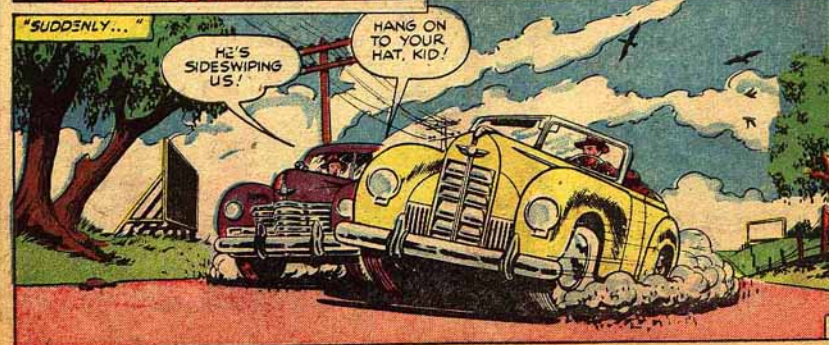
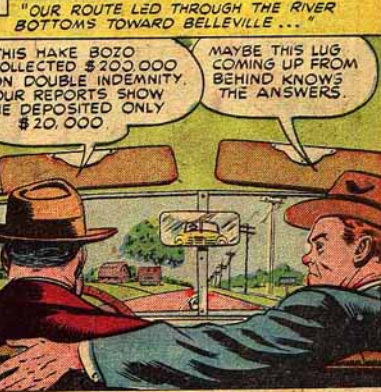
NO--NO!  
I--NO--



"RED WAS ON HIS TOES, THOUGH..."

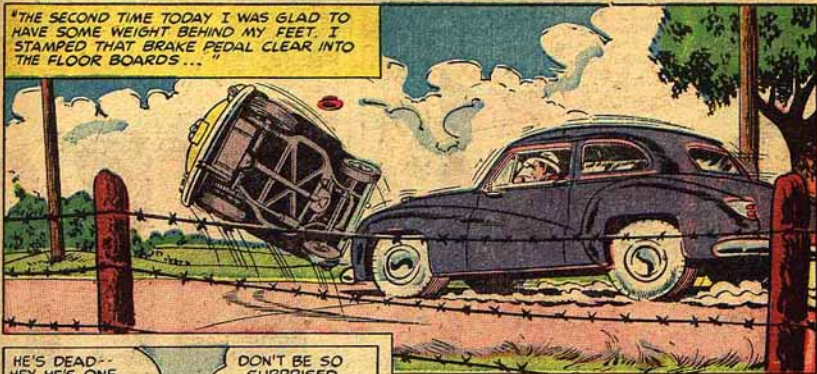
ONE GOOD TURN  
DESERVES ANOTHER.







"THE SECOND TIME TODAY I WAS GLAD TO HAVE SOME WEIGHT BEHIND MY FEET. I STAMPED THAT BRAKE PEDAL CLEAR INTO THE FLOOR BOARDS..."



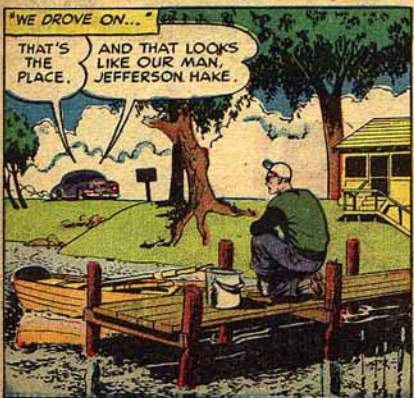
HE'S DEAD-- HEY, HE'S ONE OF THOSE GEES WE SAW AT THE POLICE STATION TRYING TO BAIL OUT HONEYWOOD!

DON'T BE SO SURPRISED, SOMEBODY THINKS WE'RE GETTING TOO CLOSE TO THE TRUTH!



THEY GET WILDER EVERY YEAR. AS A WITNESS, YOU'LL HAVE TO APPEAR AT THE INQUEST TO TESTIFY.

I WISH THIS CHARACTER WAS ALIVE TO TESTIFY TO ME.



"WE DROVE ON..."

THAT'S THE PLACE.

AND THAT LOOKS LIKE OUR MAN, JEFFERSON HAKE.



"JEFFERSON HAKE ROWED US TO THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT..."

MY UNCLE FELL OUT OF THIS SAME BOAT. IT'S DEEP HERE. HE COULDN'T SWIM...

I CAN'T EITHER.



WHAT ABOUT YOU, MR. QUIGLEY? CAN YOU SWIM?

NEVER SWAM A STROKE IN MY LIFE. BE A BAD PLACE FOR AN ACCIDENT, WOULDN'T IT? NOBODY SAW US COME IN HERE, ONLY THE FISH, WOULD KNOW.



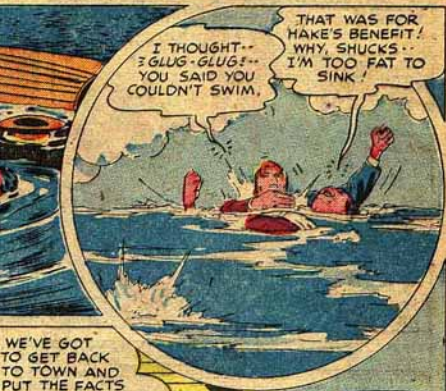
GIVE A FISH ENOUGH BAIT, HE'LL BITE.

HEY! HE DID THAT ON PURPOSE!



HELP! GLUB-GLUB! I'M DROWNING!

TAKE IT EASY, RED!



I THOUGHT-- GLUB-GLUB!-- YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T SWIM.

THAT WAS FOR HAKE'S BENEFIT! WHY, SHUCKS-- I'M TOO FAT TO SINK!



NOW WE KNOW! IT'S NOT INDIVIDUAL SKULDUGGERY WE'RE UP AGAINST BUT ORGANIZED CRIME!

A DOUBLE INDEMNITY GANG! GETTING PEOPLE INSURED AND HAVING THEM KNOCKED OFF.



WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO TOWN AND PUT THE FACTS BEFORE THE D.A. -- HEY! THEY'VE SLASHED OUR TIRES!

OW! -- MY BARKING DOGS!



MY FEET SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR FEET, DUCK-FOOT.

TIME IS OUR BIG WORRY NOW, RED. THE COMPANY'S GOT 32 DOUBLE INDEMNITY INSUREES IN THIS TERRITORY. ANY OR ALL OF THEM ARE UNDER A MURDER THREAT.

"MAN IN FRONT SAID HE WAS TIRED OF DRIVING, SO I TOOK OVER FOR HIM. WHEN I DID..."



HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA?

"SO NOW WE KNEW THE SCORE-- BUT WHAT GOOD WAS IT GOING TO DO US?"



THIS GUN SAYS DON'T TRY TO SIGNAL NO COPS, DRIVE LIKE ORDINARY, WATCHIN' ALL STOP-LIGHTS AND LIKE THAT.



"WE WORE OUR THUMBS DOWN ALMOST TO THE SECOND JOINT BEFORE A CAR STOPPED, ALONG ABOUT DUSK..."

CAN YOU DRIVE A CAR, FATSO?

SURE-- AND AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

GOES DOUBLE.

"GETTING DARK, SO I SWITCHED THE LIGHTS ON..."



YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW IT, BOYS. WE'RE TAKING YOU FOR A RIDE-- ONE WAY, OLD-TIME CHICAGO STYLE.

YOU OUGHTTA FEEL HONORED, FIRST TIME THE DOUBLE-O GANG HAS KILLED WITHOUT SOMEBODY PUTTING THE MONEY ON THE LINE!

"WE WENT THROUGH A BUNCH OF LITTLE TOWNS. AT ONE PLACE WE STOPPED FOR A RED LIGHT WITH A COP SO CLOSE BEHIND US I GUESS HE COULD HAVE FELT OUR HEARTS BEATING..."



ONE WRONG MOVE AND YOU GET IT, BUD.

YOU BOTH GET IT.

"THAT COP WAS OUR LAST CHANCE. I KEPT DRIVING WHERE THEY TOLD ME TILL WE GOT INTO THE ROUGH COUNTRY AT THE RIVER BLUFFS..."



THIS IS THE END OF THE RIDE

I WOULD HAVE TO WALK TO MY OWN FUNERAL!

"THEY GUN-HERDED US THROUGH THE THICKET TO AN ABANDONED QUARRY..."

YOU BOYS'LL HAVE THE DEEPEST GRAVE OF ANYONE AROUND HERE.

WHAT BULLETS DON'T DO, THE ROCKS AND WATER DOWN THERE WILL FINISH.



"THEY LINED US UP FOR THE EXECUTION. RIGHT TO THE LAST, I KEPT HOPING FOR A BREAK, THE WAY A MAN WILL..."

WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

A FOX OR SOMETHING NIGHT PROWLING... COME ON, BOTH TOGETHER NOW -- **BLAST!**



"THERE WAS A BLAST ALL RIGHT -- BUT NOT THE ONE THEY WERE FIGURING ON..."

YOU DON'T MIND US BUTTING IN LIKE THIS?

COPS!



BACK THERE WHERE WE STOPPED FOR THE RED LIGHT-- I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU HADN'T CAUGHT MY SIGNAL.

YOU GUNNED YOUR MOTOR-- THEN PUMPED THE BRAKE WITH YOUR BIG FOOT TO MAKE YOUR TAIL-LIGHT BLINK AN S. O. S. HOW COULD I MISS?

SO THAT WAS IT!



"NOW I'VE GOT A JOB THAT'S ALL HEAD-WORK AND NO FOOTWORK, AND LIFE IS A BREEZE..."

TAKE A LETTER TO MY OLD PAL RED MURPHY...



# GET THIS BIG 8 PIECE SECRET CODE SET

## SEND SECRET MESSAGES *that only your friends can read!!*



INVISIBLE INK FOR  
SECRET MESSAGES!

CODE MACHINE!  
MAKE CODES FOR  
YOUR CLUB OR GANG!

MEMBERSHIP  
CERTIFICATE

MESSAGE PADS!

INK DEVELOPER!  
MAKES WORDS APPEAR  
ON BLANK PAPER!

SECRET AGENT CARD

ANOTHER CODE MACHINE!  
ONE FOR YOU - ONE FOR  
YOUR PARTNER!

Start a "Private Eye" club! Get all your gang to send in for The Private Eye Set. Then you can each have your own invisible ink and developer - code machines - message pads, etc. Send secret notes that no one else can read. Keep secret minutes of meetings, in code or invisible ink. But be sure to **HURRY - HURRY - HURRY!**

ONLY  
WITH ONE **25¢**  
BAZOOKA WRAPPER



BAZOOKA, BOX NO. 20, MADISON SQUARE STATION, NEW YORK, 10, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME COMPLETE CODE-O-GRAPH SET. I ENCLOSE 25¢ AND A BAZOOKA WRAPPER.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

A  
**SPECIAL  
CRIME  
Feature**

# HARBOR COP

NEW YORK'S HARBOR POLICE, WITH 12 SPEEDY PATROL BOATS, GUARD MILES OF WATERFRONT AND HUNDREDS OF RICH CARGO SHIPS FROM MODERN DAY CAPTAIN KIDDS! ACE VETERANS OF U.S. NAVY MERCHANT MARINE WAR SERVICE AND MEMBERS OF THE REGULAR POLICE FORCE, THE HARBOR COPS VOLUNTEER FOR THIS PERIL-PACKED BRANCH OF THE LAW!



SGT. BILL MCGOWAN IS THE NAME. I'M A HARBOR COP, AND BELIEVE ME, THAT'S NOT A JOB FOR A GUY WITH A WEAK HEART!



CREEPING THROUGH THE DARK TO TRAP HARBOR PIRATES IS WORSE THAN DODGING STUKAS!

TURN 'ER HARD TO PORT! THIS IS THE BOAT WE'RE AFTER!







"YES, THE HARBOR COPS WHO SAIL UNDER THE GREEN AND WHITE POLICE FLAG DON'T HAVE IT EASY."



"AIDING DISABLED SHIPS IN ROUGH WEATHER IS NO CINCH."

AIM THE LYLE GUN FARTHER FORWARD NEXT TIME. THE WIND CARRIED THE LINE PAST THE STERN.



THAT DOES IT, BUT I SURE THOUGHT WE WERE ALL GONERS.



"SURE, THERE'S PLENTY OF DAILY ROUTINE, LIKE CHECKING ALL TYPES OF VESSELS..."

HARBOR PATROL LET'S SEE YOUR REGISTRATION PAPERS, PLEASE!



...OR RESCUING DROWNING PEOPLE..."

OKAY, WE'LL HAVE YOU SAFE IN A, JIFFY!



"AND SOMETIMES, THE JOB CALLS FOR BACK-BREAKING WORK..."

COME ON, LAD, THIS ONE IS EASY. IMAGINE IF IT WERE A TRUCK!







WHAT'S MORE, WE HAVE TO KNOW OUR WAY AROUND ON LAND AS WELL AS ON WATER. TAKE THE CASE OF THAT BROOKLYN SMUGGLING GANG BACK IN 1947...



"WE HAD A LEAD TO A DINGY TAVERN, AND I WAS ASSIGNED TO PLAY A SPECIAL ROLE..."

THAT'S A WAD OF MOOLAH FOR A COPPER TO BE CARRYING.

OH, WE HARBOR PATROL BOYS FIND WAYS OF PICKING UP A DOLLAR.



HARBOR COP, EH? MAYBE YOU COULD HELP ME—AND YOURSELF—TO SOME OF THAT GREEN STUFF.



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER...

HERE'S THE SET-UP, YOU'RE TO BOARD THAT FREIGHTER, LOOKING FOR CONTRABAND, BASED ON A TIP I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE GIVEN YOU.



I'M STAYING BEHIND, WAITING FOR A SIGNAL FROM A MAN IN THE STERN OF THE FREIGHTER. THERE HE IS NOW!



GOOD! THERE'S MY SIGNAL, THAT CIGARETTE IS SUPPOSED TO TIP ME OFF TO THE PACKAGE I'M TO PICK UP!



A WATER-PROOF PACKAGE. THIS IS IT! NOW I'M TO STOW IT IN MY LOCKER BEFORE THE BOYS GET BACK!



EVERYTHING WENT FINE. I'VE GOT A DATE AT THE 39TH STREET PIER IN BROOKLYN. THIS TIME I DELIVER THE GOODS. THE NEXT TIME, WE NAB THE GANG!



"BUT I HAD TO WAIT SEVERAL WEEKS BEFORE THE SMUGGLERS CALLED ON ME AGAIN. WHEN THEY DID, IT WAS THE SAME ROUTINE—LIP TO A POINT!"



OKAY, BOYS. THAT WHISTLE IS THE SIGNAL. LET'S ROUND UP THE CREW AND START CHECKING!



LATER...

NOW TO NAB THE GANG AT THE PIER!



THIS IS IT! READY WITH YOUR GUNS!



"WHAT THEY DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT WE WERE ALL PREPARED FOR THIS MOVE."





# KIDS!

## BRUSHING TEETH IS FUN WITH NEW KOLYNOS INJUN KAP!

THE ONLY TOOTHPASTE CAP  
THAT WORKS LIKE THIS!



AND I  
CAN'T  
DROP OFF—  
CAN'T  
GET LOST!



GEE  
IT'S FUN TO  
BRUSH MY  
TEETH NOW.

THE KAP IS  
ALWAYS WHERE  
IT SHOULD BE—  
ON THE TUBE.

KOLYNOS HAS  
GOT SOMETHING EXTRA  
— IT SWEETENS THE  
BREATH AS IT  
CLEANS TEETH.



LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY AT YOUR DRUGGIST



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE ON THE SPOT EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIFE, TRYING TO PROTECT SOMEONE ELSE...?

NEVER KNOWING WHEN A GUN WOULD BLAST YOUR...?

OR A CAREFULLY PLANTED BOMB BLOW YOU TO KINGDOM, COME...?

OR A SHARP, GLEAMING KNIFE PLUNGE INTO YOUR BACK?

HERE'S THE STORY OF STEVE HAGERTY, TELLING WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A PROFESSIONAL BODYGUARD...

# I Am a Bodyguard!

A GANG BUSTER SPECIAL THRILLER



I'VE BEEN LUCKY—SO FAR. I'M STILL ALIVE! BUT I'VE HAD MORE THAN MY SHARE OF CLOSE CALLS, SINCE THAT DAY IN 1936 WHEN I DECIDED TO BE A BODYGUARD...



"MY FATHER, JOHN HAGERTY, WAS RUNNING FOR RE-ELECTION AND..."

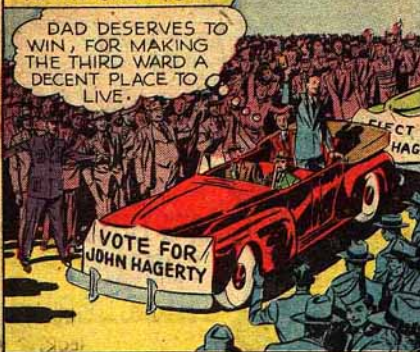
RIDE IN THE PARADE WITH ME, STEVE. VOTERS LIKE TO SEE THEIR CANDIDATE'S FAMILY.

SURE, DAD!





"MY FATHER STOOD UP IN THE CAR, WAVING TO THE CROWDS..."



DAD DESERVES TO WIN, FOR MAKING THE THIRD WARD A DECENT PLACE TO LIVE.

"AS WE PASSED FOURTH STREET, I HEARD A NOISE LIKE FIRECRACKERS BEHIND THE CHEERING PEOPLE..."



THE PARADE'S JUST CRAWLIN' ALONG.

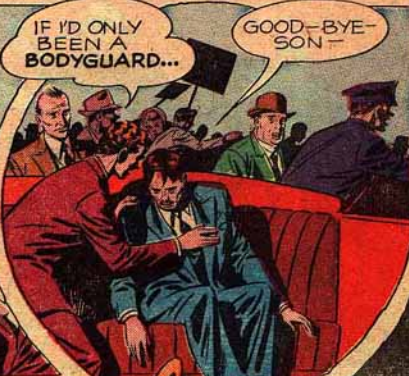
YEAH. I COULDN'T ASK FOR A BETTER TARGET THAN HAGERTY!



GET HIM?

DEAD CENTER! HAGERTY WON'T BUST UP ANY MORE RACKETS IN THE THIRD WARD!

DAD!



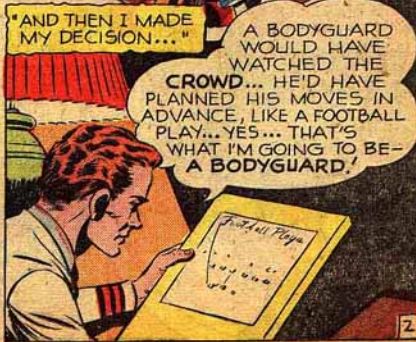
IF I'D ONLY BEEN A BODYGUARD...

GOOD-BYE-SON-



"THE THOUGHT CONTINUED TO PREY ON MY MIND..."

I COULD HAVE SAVED MY FATHER'S LIFE... IF I'D HAD THE RIGHT TRAINING.



"AND THEN I MADE MY DECISION..."

A BODYGUARD WOULD HAVE WATCHED THE CROWD... HE'D HAVE PLANNED HIS MOVES IN ADVANCE, LIKE A FOOTBALL PLAY... YES... THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO BE - A BODYGUARD!

"A BODYGUARD NEEDS SPECIAL TRAINING. SO... I TOOK ALL THE COURSES IN POLICE METHODS AT THE STATE U... EXPLOSIVES, BOMBS, ACIDS, POISONS, WEAPONS, GASES, FIRST AID, CROWD PSYCHOLOGY, SELF-DEFENSE..."



"ON MY FIRST JOB, I RAN INTO TROUBLE..."



TWO ON GROUND PATROL, TWO ON FRONT AND REAR DOOR CHECK, ONE ON SERVANT WATCH... STEVE, YOU GET THE EASY JOB. EXAMINE THE WEDDING PRESENTS.



"THE BALLROOM WAS AS BIG AS A HOTEL LOBBY, JAMMED WITH CELEBRITIES..."



"COBURN AND THE BRIDAL COUPLE WERE ALSO IN THE ROOM. I CALLED COBURN ASIDE..."

SOMETHING'S QUEER, MR. COBURN. THE PACKAGE TOP GIVES WHEN I PRESS ON IT, BUT THEN IT SNAPS RIGHT BACK. I'LL GET A BALL OF CORD AND OPEN THIS!

CAREFUL, HAGERTY! DON'T GET HURT!

"OUTSIDE..."

I'LL LET IT FALL ABOUT EIGHT FEET. THEN YANK HARD TO BREAK THE PACKAGE STRING... THAT'S THE WAY THEY SAID TO DO IT IN SCHOOL!

"LET THE 'PRESENT' FALL, THEN..."

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THAT WAS A SPRING-RELEASE BOMB! IF THEY'D OPENED IT, BACK THERE--

**BOOM!**

"POSTAL INSPECTORS TRACED BITS OF THE WRAPPING PAPER TO A NEW YORK STORE. THEY GOT FRANK BURNS, A JILTED SUITOR OF THE NEW MRS. COBURN. MEANWHILE, THE AGENCY SENT ME TO HOLLYWOOD..."

STEVE, YOU'RE TO GUARD ACTRESS JEAN RAY ON HER WAR BOND TOUR. SHE'S HAD THREATENING LETTERS LATELY.

"WE FLEW TO DENVER, THEN WORKED EAST. THE CROWDS WERE LARGER, AND I HAD MY HANDS FULL TRYING TO WATCH FOR DANGER."

WHO'LL BUY \$50,000 IN BONDS? COME ON MEN-- HELP YOUR COUNTRY!

\$5,000!

\$10,000!

\$25,000!

THAT GUY IN THE GREY SUIT'S DRAGGING SOMETHING FROM HIS HIP POCKET! GOT TO STOP HIM!

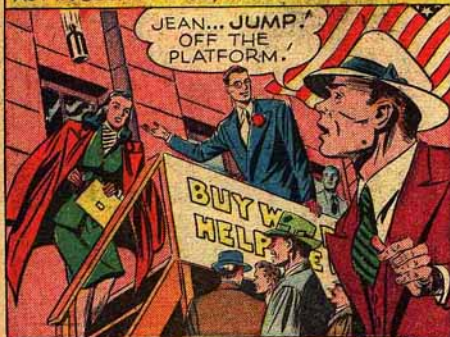
MY WRIST! IT'S BROKEN! OH-H!

MOVE STRAIGHT BACK! THE LOCAL COPS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



"MORE THAN ANYTHING, I FEARED AN ATTACK FROM OVERHEAD. I'D COACHED JEAN HOW TO ACT IN SUCH A CASE, AND..."

JEAN... JUMP!  
OFF THE  
PLATFORM.



"SHE JUMPED INSTANTLY..."

THIS IS THE SECOND TIME YOU'VE SAVED ME FROM HARM, STEVE. I OWE YOU A KISS!

THE JOB COMES FIRST... TROOPERS, SEARCH THAT BUILDING FOR WHOEVER THREW THE ACID. HURRY!



"ONE ASSIGNMENT I'LL NEVER FORGET STARTED WHEN ROY BRECK CAME INTO OUR EASTERN OFFICE..."

THEY'RE BRINGING MY BROTHER DANNY FROM PRISON TO TESTIFY AT A TRIAL. HIS DEATH SENTENCE FOR MURDER MIGHT BE COMMUTED FOR TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE.



POLICE GUARDS WILL DRIVE MY BROTHER TO THE COURTHOUSE. BUT I'M AFRAID HIS OLD MOB WILL TRY TO KILL HIM.



I WANT YOU FOR AN EXTRA BODYGUARD FOR DANNY. HE'S GOT TO LIVE TO GIVE THAT TESTIMONY!

I'LL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE POLICE.



"I RODE ALL THE WAY FROM PRISON WITH DANNY BRECK. THEN, WHEN WE REACHED THE COURTHOUSE..."

WHERE DO WE GO AFTER I TESTIFY?

RIGHT BACK TO THE BIG HOUSE.





"IRONIC, ISN'T IT, THE WAY FATE HAD MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO AVENGE THE MURDER OF MY FATHER!"



# THE Case of the HIGH DIVER!

*Test YOUR Wits Against a Murderer!*

VANCE CRAWLEY WAS THE BARKER FOR A SMALL CARNIVAL'S FEATURED THRILL-ACT...



A DAREDEVIL HIGH DIVE INTO A SHALLOW TANK! FIRST, THE FEARLESS DIANE...

LOOK OUT FOR THE SPLASH!



NO WONDER THE GROUND AROUND THIS TANK IS SO MUDDY!



...AND NOW JIMMY ROSS, HIGHEST DIVER OF ALL TIME!



AFTER THE SHOW...

I'M GOING TO PRACTICE DIVING FROM THE TOP OF THE LADDER-IT'LL BE A BIGGER ATTRACTION.

PLEASE DON'T, IT'S TOO DANGEROUS, JIMMY!



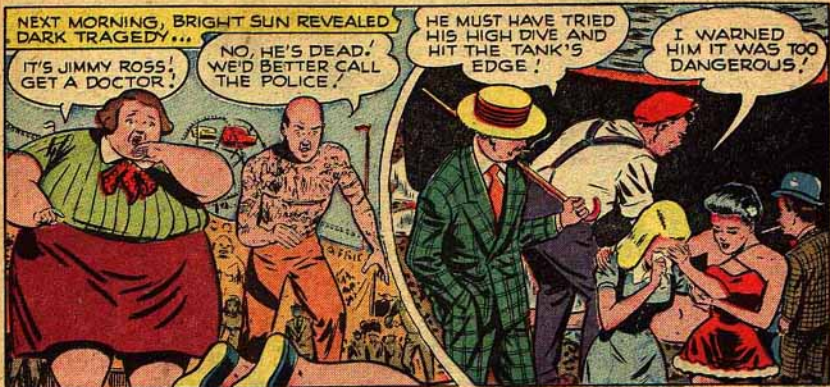


THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE CARNIVAL CLOSED...



A DEADLY CRUSHING BLOW FROM BEHIND, AND...





**WHAT DO YOU THINK?**

AT THIS POINT, YOU KNOW MORE THAN DETECTIVE SERGEANT THORN ABOUT THIS CRIME! HAS VANCE CRAWLEY REALLY COMMITTED A PERFECT CRIME—OR HAS HE MADE A SLIP?

*Think carefully*  
BEFORE YOU READ ON!





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SUPERMAN  
WESTERN COMICS  
WONDER WOMAN



EVERY YEAR, GENEROUS CITIZENS DONATE MILLIONS TO FAKE WELFARE GROUPS. FEDERAL AGENCIES, LOCAL POLICE AND BETTER BUSINESS BUREAUS RECORD MANY SHOCKING CASES SUCH AS THE ONE DEPICTED HERE. BY NO MEANS ARE THE SORDID ACTIVITIES OF JACK KALER TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH BONA FIDE, ENTERPRISES LIKE THE COMMUNITY CHEST, RED CROSS, SALVATION ARMY, MARCH OF DIMES AND OTHERS WHICH ARE A LASTING CREDIT TO THEIR NOBLE OFFICIALS, PUBLIC SPIRITED SPONSORS, AND SELF-SACRIFICING SOLICITORS. FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION, READ THIS STARTLING EXPOSE OF...

# ...CHARITY RACKETEER



AN  
EXPOSE FROM  
THE D.A.'S  
FILES

## GLOSSARY

BOILER ROOM — SALESMAN'S PHONE ROOM.  
CLEAN DEAL — CASH SALE.  
DYNAMITER — HIGH-PRESSURE SALESMAN.

FRONT MONEY — FINANCES TO START SWINDLE.  
LILY — A SUCKER, SEE MOOCH.  
MOOCH — A SUCKER, SEE LILY.  
PITCH — SALES TALK. SEE RAZZ.

RAZZ — SALES TALK.  
RELOAD — REPEAT GYP ON SUCKER.  
TAGGED — ARRESTED AND INDICTED.

**SOCIETY MATRON DUPED BY CHARITY RACKETEERS**

WHEN SOCIALITE MRS DRAKE PEATTIE RETURNED FROM MIAMI YESTERDAY SHE FOUND HER PHILANTHROPY HADN'T PAID OFF... TO CHARITY THE "GENTLEMEN" TO WHOM SHE LOANED HER FASHIONABLE LONDRIDE ESTATE FOR A CHARITY BENEFIT TURNED OUT TO BE CROOKED GAMBLERS WHO SILVY FLESCED HER BLUEBLOOD FRIENDS THE RACKETEER'S BUREAU OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE IS INVESTIGATING THE FRAUD.







I'D TURN YUH OVER TO THE COPPERS, ONLY IT WOULD SPOIL MY OWN RACKET!

STOP! I WON'T SQUEAL ON YOU IF YOU LET ME GO!

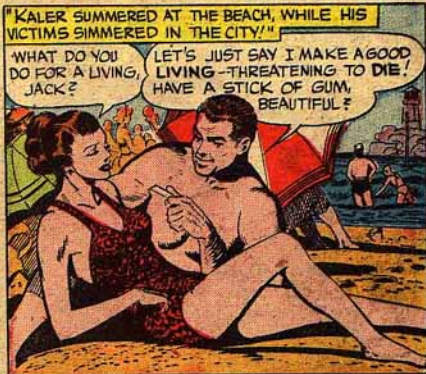


STRANGE AS IT SEEMS, THE DEPRESSION PRODUCED MANY CHARITY RACKETS. EVERYBODY FELT SORRY FOR EVERYBODY ELSE. KIND FOLK OPENED THEIR HEARTS AND PURSES--BUT NOT ALWAYS TO THE RIGHT PEOPLE!



"TO KALER, CHARITY WAS SWEET--FOR SHARPER. NOW HE WAS MULCTING HOUSEWIVES WITH A NOVEL PITCH..."

HONEST, LADY, I'M DESPERATE! I GOT SIX KIDS AND A SICK WIFE. IF I DON'T DIG UP SOME MONEY FOR FOOD, I'M GOING TO END IT ALL.



"KALER SUMMERED AT THE BEACH, WHILE HIS VICTIMS SIMMERED IN THE CITY!"

WHAT DO YOU DO FOR A LIVING, JACK?

LET'S JUST SAY I MAKE A GOOD LIVING--THREATENING TO DIE! HAVE A STICK OF GUM, BEAUTIFUL?

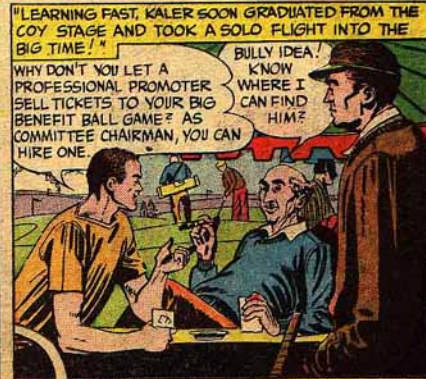


"KALER SERVED AN APPRENTICESHIP SOLICITING FOR THE "ORPHANED-BABIES-SHOE-FUND" --- UNTIL WE NAILED THE HEELS RUNNING IT!"

HERE'S MY TAKE FOR THE DAY, GRIFF--NINETY BUCKS, MINUS MY FIFTY PERCENT COMMISSION.

NICE GOING, JACK! THIS IS GOOD FRONT MONEY!

COME ON, SEVEN! BABY NEEDS NEW SHOES!



"LEARNING FAST, KALER SOON GRADUATED FROM THE COY STAGE AND TOOK A SOLO FLIGHT INTO THE BIG TIME!"

WHY DON'T YOU LET A PROFESSIONAL PROMOTER SELL TICKETS TO YOUR BIG BENEFIT BALL GAME? AS COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN, YOU CAN HIRE ONE.

BULLY IDEA! KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND HIM?

"ARMED WITH A SUCKER LIST AND PROTECTED BY THE NAME OF A REPUTABLE CLUB, KALER OPENED UP A BOILER ROOM, HIRED SIX HIGH-PRESSURE DYNAMITERS."

HELLO, MR. FELTON. THIS IS MR. DINGLE. I'M HELPING THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LODGE'S ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE SELL TICKETS FOR OUR MAMMOTH BASEBALL GAME.

- FOR THE BENEFIT OF OUR CHARITY FUND SUPPORTING UNDERPRIVILEGED CHILDREN, MR. MAYO. THE ENTIRE PROCEEDS OF THE GAME WILL -

- WANT TO EXPRESS YOUR GOOD WILL BY GENEROUSLY SUPPORTING THE CAUSE, MR. PEABODY. WE'VE RESERVED FOUR BOX SEATS FOR YOU AT \$20 A THROW. ER-I MEAN A TICKET!



I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, MR. KALER. YOU CERTAINLY FILLED THE BALL PARK. I'LL EXPECT YOUR CASH RECEIPTS IN THE MORNING.

MINUS OUR OPERATING EXPENSES, OF COURSE, THORNTON.



CALL YOURSELF AN AMBULANCE-AFTER YOU WAKE UP, MOOCH!

"NEXT DAY, THORNTON LEARNED TOO LATE HE HAD ALIGNED HIMSELF WITH A CHARITY RACKETEER!"

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS! WHY, IT'S PREPOSTEROUS! IT'S ONLY A DROP IN THE BUCKET COMPARED TO WHAT YOU MADE!

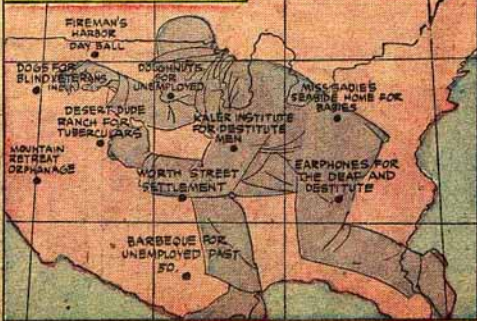
I TOLD YOU I'D DEDUCT OPERATING EXPENSES. WELL, I DID!



YOU'RE NOTHING BUT AN UNSCRUPULOUS CROOK! I'M GOING TO CALL UHH... HH!



"KALER, MADE \$26,528 ON THIS CLEAN DEAL, THEN HEADED FOR THE WEST COAST, SWINDLING SUCKERS EVERY MILE OF THE WAY."



"EVENTUALLY, BETTER BUSINESS BUREAUS ORGANIZED THE CHARITY SOLICITATIONS COMMISSION WHICH ISSUED LICENSES TO LEGITIMATE CHARITIES. SUCH SLOGANS AS "BEFORE YOU DONATE - INVESTIGATE!" AND "DON'T BESTOW UNTIL YOU KNOW!" WERE DEVISED TO PROTECT HONEST WELFARE ORGANIZATIONS."



"KALER'S AUDACITY REACHED ITS PEAK WHEN HE ORGANIZED A PROTECTION RACKET AGAINST, OF ALL PEOPLE, CHARITY RACKETEERS!"

WE INSURE YOU AGAINST FRAUD BY INVESTIGATING ANY CHARITY YOU WISH TO DONATE TO. OUR FEE FOR THE SERVICE IS SMALL.

OH, BROTHER!  
WHAT A  
RAZZ!



BUT KALER'S STAMP OF APPROVAL WASN'T WORTH THE MOISTURE TO STICK IT WITH!"

HAVE A HEART, JACK!  
WE'RE PALS. I GAVE YOU  
YOUR START, REMEMBER?

FORGET IT, GRIFF. UN-  
LESS YOU CUT ME IN  
FOR HALF YOUR TAKE,  
I'LL GIVE ALL MY  
PHILANTHROPIC CLIENTS  
AN UNFAVORABLE REPORT  
ON YOUR CROOKED  
SET-UP!



"KALER, HOWEVER, LEARNED THAT SHAKING DOWN HIS OWN KIND WAS NOT EASY. YOU COULDN'T COLLECT AT BOTH ENDS WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE..."

GO ON! JOIN THE  
OTHER RATS UNDER  
THE DOCK, KALER!

I GIVE IT TO HIM GOOD!  
HE'LL SINK LIKE LEAD!



YOU'VE GOT US WRONG,  
OFFICER! THAT MAN WAS  
TRYING TO COMMIT  
SUICIDE!

SHUT UP, GRIFFIN! WE  
KNOW HE'S JACK KALER!  
THE ASSISTANT D.A.  
ISSUED WARRANTS FOR  
ALL YOUR ARRESTS!

RELAX!  
I'LL GET YOU  
OUT!

HELP!



"WANTED IN EIGHT STATES, KALER WAS TAGGED AND DREW TWO YEARS!"

SO I'M THE GUY WHO TURNED SWEET  
CHARITY SOUR! WAIT'LL I GET  
OUT! I'LL CURDLE IT!



"AFTER HIS RELEASE, KALER POSED AS A COP OFF DUTY, SELLING ADS FOR A PONEY POLICE MAGAZINE!"

LOOK, CHUM, THE MONEY GOES TO THE POLICE PENSION FUND! IF YOU WANT TO STAY HAPPY, ANTE UP FOR A BIG AD IN OUR ANNUAL!



"BUT LIKE ALL CROOKS, KALER HAD TO MAKE ONE MORE MISTAKE AND THIS PROVED FATAL!"

ALREADY I PAY FOR THREE ADS, BUT I HAVE NOT SEEN THE MAGAZINE! YOU ARE A CROOK! GET OUT OF MY STORE!

GIMME THAT GUN! SOMEBODY'LL THINK IT'S A HOLDUP!

I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS RELOADIN' HIM!



YOU CRAZY FOOL- YOU SHOT YOURSELF!

BOOM!



DROP THAT GUN! YOU KILLED ADOLPHE!



NO I DIDN'T--AND YOU'RE NOT GONNA LIVE TO SAY DIFFERENT!

MY-- MY CHEST--



NOBODY'S GONNA PIN A MURDER RAP ON JACK KALER! NO, SIR, NOT WHILE I GOT MY THINKING CAP ON! I'LL PUT THE GUN IN ADOLPHE'S HAND!

"INSPECTOR O'DONNELL OF OUR HOMICIDE BUREAU WAS ASSIGNED TO THE CASE."

BOTH THE PATROLMAN AND ADOLPHE DIED FROM BULLETS FIRED FROM THE LATTER'S GUN, INSPECTOR. MIGHT BE MURDER AND SUICIDE, SINCE THE OFFICER WAS INVESTIGATING ADOLPHE'S FENCING!

THIS RECEIPT FOUND IN THE CASH REGISTER MIGHT BE A CLUE. IT'S FOR AN AD IN A FAKE POLICE MAGAZINE.



"LATER..." YOU WERE RIGHT! HANDWRITING TESTS PROVE THIS RECEIPT WAS SIGNED BY JACK KALER, A CHARITY RACKETEER, UNDER ONE OF HIS ALIASES!

IT'LL TAKE A SMART GIMMICK TO GET A MURDER CONFESSION OUT OF KALER. HE DISDAINS GUNS, AND WE HAVE NO PROOF HE WAS IN THE STORE AT THE TIME! LET ME SEE...

"NEXT DAY..." PATROLMAN ALBERT FREMONT, FATALLY SHOT LAST WEEK BY A PAWN SHOP BROKER WHO SUBSEQUENTLY KILLED HIMSELF, WAS BURIED TODAY AT LAKEVIEW CEMETERY. FELLOW OFFICERS ARE TAKING UP A COLLECTION FOR THE POLICEMAN'S WIDOW AND TWO SMALL CHILDREN...

OPPORTUNITY, I HEAR YOU KNOWING ON THE WIDOW'S DOOR. WHY SHOULDN'T I PROMOTE A BIG BENEFIT FOR THE FAMILY OF THE COP I KILLED?

"A LUNCHEON APPOINTMENT LAID THE GROUNDWORK..."

PLEASE LET ME HELP YOU AND YOUR LOVELY CHILDREN BY PROMOTING A BENEFIT IN THE NAME OF YOUR LATE, DEARLY BELOVED HUSBAND!

YOU'RE VERY KIND. WHY NOT DROP IN AT MY HOME ABOUT FIVE O'CLOCK? I'LL THINK IT OVER UNTIL THEN.

"AND A FEW MINUTES AFTER FIVE..."

SIT DOWN, WON'T YOU? I'VE BEEN PAINTING A PORTRAIT OF MY HUSBAND. JUST A HOBBY.

FINE, LET ME SEE IT! PERHAPS WE COULD UNVEIL IT IN THE BANQUET HALL DURING THE BENEFIT!

HE ISN'T THE COP WHO WAS MURDERED! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL?



# The Grapevine

## BOGUS BILLS AGAIN

**C**COUNTERFEIT money, which virtually disappeared during the war, is beginning to sweep certain regions of the country, according to a report issued by the Treasury Department's Secret Service. Among the cities which are being infected is New York, where bogus \$10 bills, ostensibly drawn on the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, are making their appearance.

So skillfully have the counterfeiters turned out their phoney money, which, some officials claim originated in Chicago, that bank cashiers have readily accepted them as genuine.

Distribution has increased at such an alarming rate that the Secret Service has requested cooperation of the public, police, merchants, and banks in spotting the fraudulent bills.

In a recent warning to the nation, the Secret Service requested everyone "to watch for Green Seal \$10 bills on the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago (Letter G in circle) with F399 or B3888 in small print in the lower right corner.

"On the back, look for the numbers 1177, 1157, or 1098 in tiny print, inside the border at the right. Also, the steps of the Treasury Building are missing and the area just under the columns at the entrance is solid white."

Other noticeable flaws that would lead to detection of counterfeits of the Series of 1934 C are the red ink lines etched on the paper to simulate genuine silk threads and the fact that Hamilton's hair has an unnaturally white appearance.

Bank cashiers and retail merchants were urged to keep a genuine \$10 bill handy in order to compare it with any note suspected of being phoney. "This counterfeit can be easily detected when compared with a genuine bill," a Secret Service spokesman explained.

## THE SAWDUST GAME

One of the most cunning criminal practices was the selling of counterfeit money for extremely small sums—as little as \$500 for \$10,000 in bogus bills. This came to light some years ago when the Secret Service cracked down on a notorious ring.

The prospective sucker was taken to the confidence man's "factory," where he was shown new, crisp bills of all denominations. But, though this money was always genuine, legitimately withdrawn from the bank, the customer was told that it was "queer."

When the sucker fell and decided to buy some of the so-called counterfeit bills, he was allowed to count them himself, and put them into a valise the crooks readily provided. Then, after locking the bag and placing it against the wall, the confidence man would ask the customer if he was interested in seeing some carefully faked government bonds.

The customer would agree, and while his attention was diverted, a crony of the confidence man in the next room would open a secret panel in the wall, remove the valise with the real money and substitute it with another, filled with poor counterfeits which nobody would ever accept.

## SUPER COUNTERFEITERS

Throughout its long and excellent career, the Treasury Department was deceived by only one job of forgery. That was the "Monroe Head Case," which occurred back in 1879.

In that year, a Philadelphia bank teller became suspicious of four Monroe-head silver certificates because of the slight off-color of their seals. The notes were sent to the Department, where experts pronounced them as genuine, probably assuming that the slight deviation in color from the norm was an error in mixing the ink.

The notes were next sent to the Secret Service, where an agent proved them spurious by simply soaking them in water. What had baffled the Treasury men was that the notes had been printed on actual government currency paper, and no theft of this closely guarded material had been reported.

After a while, the bogus bills began to enjoy such wide distribution that the Secretary of the Treasury actually called in the entire Monroe currency issue—\$24,000,000 worth! This move did not deter the forgers, however. Sneering at the Department's efforts, they started to print \$50 and \$100 Lincoln-head bills.

In the meantime, the Secret Service was studying a haul of counterfeit revenue stamps. These were traced to the engraving shop of two men by the names of Bell and Layton. Investigation of the store revealed not only plates for the phoney stamps, but also plates from which they had printed the bogus Monroe and Lincoln bills!

## SALT CATCHES CROOKS

Telltale fingerprints left on cloth by criminals are revealed through a method developed by New York City police with the aid of Dr. E. M. Hudson. When human fingers touch a fabric, Dr. Hudson explained, they leave invisible traces of a substance called "body wax," which contains common salt. By applying silver nitrate to the fabric suspected of bearing prints, the salt deposit is converted to silver chloride, a light-sensitive substance. Exposure to sunlight or artificial light brings out clear black-and-white images of the prints.

## CRIME MARCHES ON

A California crook not only broke out of jail; he took the precaution of insuring his cross-country trip by robbing the prison safe of \$1,000.



A Navy deserter was quickly picked up by the FBI when agents spotted him blowing plastic bubbles in a Detroit dime store window.



A literal minded thief read the sign over an Oregon auto agency, E. Z. Pickens Motor Service, and helped himself to a car.



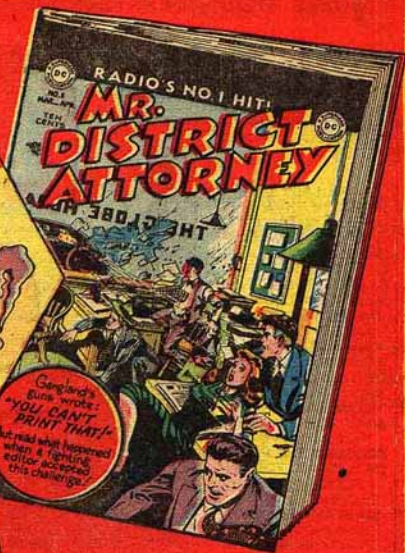
A lawyer visiting his client in an Illinois jail reported to police the theft of his wallet.



A Florida miser slipped \$55 into his shoe, visited a movie, where he eventually dozed off. Awakened by an usher at the show's end, he learned to his dismay that shoe and bankroll were missing.



Want  
**MYSTERY?**



Want  
**ACTION?**

**TOPS IN COMICS!**  
WATCH FOR THESE MAGAZINES  
AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND





# LADY COP

IS THE LADY COP DEADLIER THAN THE MALE? IN THE 141 U.S. CITIES WHERE POLICEWOMEN ARE COVERING REGULAR BEATS JUST LIKE THEIR MALE COUNTERPARTS, THE FEMINE ARM OF THE LAW IS REGARDED AS AN INDISPENSABLE PART OF THE POLICE FORCE. MANY A HARDENED CRIMINAL BEHIND BARS TODAY WISHES HE HAD NEVER CROSSED THE PATH OF A PISTOL PACKIN' POLICEWOMEN-- ESPECIALLY ONE LIKE OFFICER JOAN JENNINGS, A TRUE LADY IN BLUE WHOSE EXCITING STORY IS CHRONICLED HERE.



*A*  
**POLICE  
AT WORK**  
*Feature*





"Two miles later..."

WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE TWO LUMINESCENT NIGHT PATROL BELTS-- THE KIND WE USED IN THE NAVY!



QUITE A STORY YOU TELL, MISS. WE'LL SEE WHAT THE CHIEF THINKS ABOUT IT.

THANKS, OFFICER! I'LL GIVE HIM A DESCRIPTION OF THAT HEEL AND HIS JALOPPY!



"Later..."

YOUR WAR TRAINING STANDS YOU IN GOOD STEAD, MISS. YOU GAVE US THE MOST DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF A PERSON I EVER HEARD!

OUR OVERNIGHT ACCOMODATIONS AREN'T FANCY, BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO 'EM. WE'LL RECOVER YOUR MONEY!



"Next morning..."

SORRY TO EVICT YOU, MISS, BUT WE CAPTURED JET RANDOLPH WITH YOUR MONEY STILL ON HIM! HE NEEDS YOUR ROOM!

SO YOU PUT THE COPPERS ON ME! JUST WAIT'LL I GET OUT! I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON!



"I shrugged off Jet's threat, and prepared to resume my westward journey..."

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, GHIEF OLSEN.

THANK YOU! WHEN YOU REACH THE COAST, YOU OUGHT TO JOIN THE POLICE FORCE. THEY NEED YOUNG PEOPLE LIKE YOU!



ANY HEALTHY, ACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN BETWEEN 23 AND 31 WOULD DO WELL TO CONSIDER SUCH A CAREER. IT MEANS GOOD PAY, RETIREMENT AFTER 20 YEARS, EXCITING OUTDOOR WORK AND A TRADITION OF CIVIL SERVICE IN THE FAMILY!

March 1st--  
after mulling  
over Chief  
Olson's advice,  
I've decided  
I can fight  
crime with  
the same  
fervor as I  
fought Nazis!

"Two years of college plus my war record more than qualified me..."

IF I PASS THIS WRITTEN TEST AS EASILY AS MY PHYSICAL, IT'LL BE A BREEZE!

I HOPE I MAKE THE GRADE! WORKING AS A NURSE IN AN EMERGENCY HOSPITAL BROUGHT ME IN CONTACT WITH THE HORRORS OF CRIME ALMOST EVERY DAY!

"Yippee! I passed and was sworn in! Tomorrow I start my recruit training..."

GOOD WORK, JOAN! KNOWING HOW TO BREAK A DEATH GRIP BY JIU-JITSU IS VITALLY IMPORTANT TO AN OFFICER!

DOWN IN THE PANHANDLE, WE CALL THAT BULLDOGGIN' A TWO-LEGGED COYOTE!

"Future Pistol Packing Policewomen face the same rigorous accuracy tests as men..."

REMEMBER, ROOKIES, FIRE FAST AND ALWAYS TRY FOR A BULL'S-EYE!

HE'S TELLING ME! I HOPE I CAN AVENGE MY BROTHER'S DEATH. HE WAS SHOT BY A GANGSTER!

Callisthenics, infantry drill, swimming and boxing were on the month's training agenda...

I SURE BLEW MY BUTTONS WHEN I--A REGULAR COP--WAS ASSIGNED TO TEACH THIS PETTICOAT PATROL HOW TO HANDLE THEIR DAINTY DUKES!

SO YOU DON'T THINK MUCH OF LADY COPS, EH?

THIS WILL TEACH YOU THE FEMINE ARM OF THE LAW PACKS A WALLOP!

"Then G-Day-- Graduation Day--and how proud I was! It seemed like only yesterday that I discarded my Navy uniform and now I donned a new set of blues..."

AS MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S DIVISION OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, YOU WILL BE ON PROBATION FOR SIX MONTHS. YOU ARE EXPECTED TO CONDUCT YOURSELVES WITH THE DIGNITY BEFITTING THE UNIFORM OF THE LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER...

"I shared Belle's apartment soon after I joined the Force..."

I WISH YOU'D COME ALONG WITH STEVE AND ME TO THE DANCE, JOAN.

NO, THANKS! AFTER POUNDING A BEAT ALL DAY, I'VE GOT TO REST MY TOOTSIES! THERE'S THE BELL NOW! HAVE FUN!

MISS BRADLEY? I'M LOOKING FOR JOAN JENNINGS. I'M AN OLD, ER, FRIEND!

COME IN AND SIT DOWN. I'LL CALL HER...

JET RANDOLPH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I PROMISED TO FIX YOU WHEN I GOT OUT OF STIR-- REMEMBER? WELL, HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE YOU WON'T FORGET EITHER!



R-RING!



IT WAS EASY FINDING YOU! I TRACED YOU BY LOOKING UP YOUR FRIEND IN THE PHONE BOOK. NOW I'M DISCONNECTING YOUR LINE SO YOU CAN'T TALK OUT OF TURN AGAIN!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!...



...ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS ANYWAY! HAPPY LANDINGS!



WH.. WHAT HAPPENED? DON'T TELL ME I WAS THROWN FOR A LOSS BY A DAME!

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, CHUM! THAT WAS NO DAME! THAT WAS A LADY-- A LADY COP!

ANNN!

Mar. 17th... And if I knew what was in store for me, I wouldn't have spoken so fast...

OFFICER J. JENNINGS, SHIELD NUMBER 45387! TWO WEEKS ON THE FORCE AND NARY AN ARREST! NO HIT-AND-RUNS, NO ERRORS, NO FOUL PLAYS OR STEALING...



"That afternoon, on a cruising assignment..."

WHAT LUCK! BEING TEAMED WITH THE ONLY OFFICER WHO DISLIKES COPS IN SKIRTS!

WHILE I'M UPSTAIRS INVESTIGATING THE ACCIDENT, YOU CAN MEND THE RIP IN MY NIGHT PATROL BELT, BETSY ROSS!



BOB'S REALLY NICE, BUT... OH-OH, WHAT'S THIS? THAT STARVED-LOOKING BOY STARING IN THE WINDOW AND HOLDING A BRICK MEANS TROUBLE!



HELP! MY SHOP! IT'S BEING ROBBED! QUICK, LADY -- FIND A COP!

WHAT DO I LOOK LIKE -- A THEATER USHER?



THIS IS FER TRYIN' TO YELL COPPER!

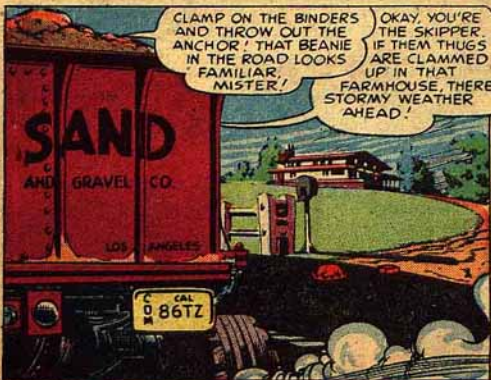
LET'S GO, SPIKE! HERE'S THE LAW IN SKIRTS!



STAY PUT, LADY COPPER! WE'RE TAKIN' THIS KID FER PROTECTION!

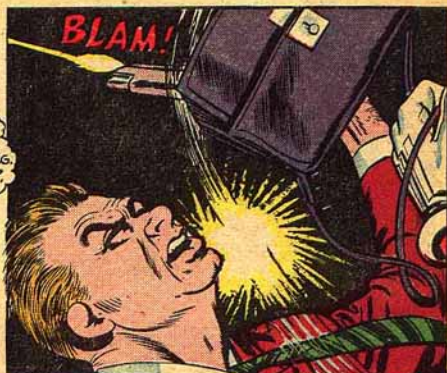
YOU COWARDS! YOU KNOW I CAN'T FIRE BECAUSE I MIGHT HIT THE BOY!











# The 97 Pound Weakling

Who Became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!"

— Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension." It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

## Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," and "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

## Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 354R, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS  
Holder of Title,  
"The World's Most  
Perfectly Developed  
Man."

### CHARLES ATLAS

Dept. 354R, 115 East 23rd Street  
New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(if any)

# ROPE 'EM BOTH, PARTNER!



—for One Thin Dime and a 3¢ Stamp!

## GREATEST GUN-AND-FUN BOOK DAISY EVER OFFERED!

**Hurry**—get and read these two great publications written especially for Daisy B-B Gun shooters and those who want to own a Daisy! The Catalog (bound inside Handbook) shows Daisy's latest B-B Guns in full, exciting colors! The thick, 128-page, pocket-size Handbook No. 2 features comic strips, jokes, magic, inventions, hobbies, cowboy and ranch lore, camping tips, B-B Gun Marksmanship Manual—many others. **Rope this big gun-and-fun bargain now** for only one thin dime (10c) and an unused 3c stamp. Rush Coupon!

### DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL



The safe family fun gun indoors or out. Air Pistol, 500 shot, spinning "birdie" targets, target cards. Ask your dealer.



No. 311 DAISY RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE—1000-shot repeater with leather saddle thong attached to Carbine Ring. Authentic Western style LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER INC. N.Y.



No. 25 DAISY PUMP GUN—The King of all B-B Guns! 50-shot forced-feed repeater. "Gold-filled engraving" on jacket

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